

What's left

by Artsistra

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Summary: (AU, Jamie and Laurie actually know each other, kind of crossover between H1/H2 and H4/H5) The night Michael Myers saves his niece's life, something tells Laurie and Dr Sam Loomis they haven't discovered every secret of the serial killer yet.

1. What's left : Chapter 1

Title : What's left

Rating : T

Disclaimer : I do not own Halloween, Michael Myers, Laurie Strode, Jamie Lloyd, Dr Loomis and any character appearing in this story.

* * *

><p>Fire was howling in the cold moonless night. It was licking the walls, devouring the wooden house like an old branch in a chimney.<p>

Inside, there was a tall, large man with a white mask becoming black at the contact of the fire, a dirty blue suit covered with brown stains that looked like dried blood and a large butcher knife.

Unfortunately, the monster wasn't alone in the burning house.

A screaming nine years old little girl was also trapped here, abandoned by the old fool who set fire to the building.

Outside, the culprit, an old doctor with a cane, a long beige jacket and a white beard, along with a blond-haired woman who was crying and screaming her daughter's name.

But the kid was doomed, and had no way to escape. If she survived to

the fire she would be killed by the evil man with her, and if she survived to him the flames would be her death.

"Jamie !" Her mother's screams were faint to Jamie's ears because of the cracking fire. Her throat was sore and she felt so tired. She curled up on the floor and closed her eyes just for a moment, "just for a nap", she thought, "and when I wake up everything will be alright". Laurie, the woman out of the house, was helpless. She wanted to run into the house, snatch Jamie and throw her out, but she knew if her brother caught her she would die along with her daughter.

When she heard a loud "crack", she jumped in surprise and sobbed uncontrollably, terrified by what she might see. But the old man with her walked toward the source of the noise. He saw a large hole in a wall of the house, then he lowered his glare and spotted him.

His patient for years was standing in the dark. His burnt mask gave him some kind of dramatic look that could send shivers down your spine. He was calm and cold as always. No emotion. No sign of life in this body. Loomis cursed him in his head. He wanted him to finally burn in Hell, but somehow he knew pure evil didn't have its place in there. He was the devil in person, known as Michael Myers, the Boogeyman, evil on two legs, etc. Something told Loomis he would never get rid of him, or he would die before Myers. Why had he failed to drag Michael out of this ? What did he miss ? He wondered if things could have happened differently. If he could have helped Michael. He wasn't sure. But it infuriated him not to understand. The boy he had met years ago already wasn't human anymore. But he tried to treat him like a human. It didn't work. Nothing he tried did work. He had given up on Michael. And now he was in front of him, and he was probably waiting the best moment to kill him. Loomis wasn't scared anymore. He knew the monster too well to doubt of his actions. He was persuaded he would die tonight. He was waiting, like Michael. Waiting for each other to make the first move.

Laurie was watching, terrified, but she saw something was wrong. "Michael...?! What have y-you...?" She had seen Jamie's tiny body in his arms. "Y-You bastard...! Bastard...!" Michael took a step toward his little sister. She didn't move. She would face the killer of her daughter.

But something was still wrong. Loomis knew Michael didn't usually abandon a body, but the way he was carrying little Jamie like a baby, carefully, almost afraid to hurt her (what was he thinking ? He had already hurt her, she was dead !) was confusing. Did he know she was dead ? Did he realize he had killed her ? Obviously not really.

Michael was now a few feet away from Laurie. She was trying not to show how scared she was, but she was crying. "Give her to me." Michael tilted his head, which infuriated his sister. "Give her to me, you monster !" He took one final step and gently placed little Jamie in his sister's arms. Laurie collapsed on the ground, holding her daughter tight, not paying attention to Michael who watched her with jealousy in his eyes.

That's when Jamie moved. She raised her hand to stroke her mother's hair. "Mommy...?" Laurie's heart skipped a beat. Loomis' too. They weren't paying attention to Michael anymore. The little Jamie was

alive. She held onto her mother tighter. "Mommy ?" Finally the blond-haired woman hugged her daughter tightly in her arms, crying loudly. Loomis glanced at Michael. He was still here, he had just taken a few steps back, threatening to disappear in the shadows. The doctor didn't know if walking toward him would be wise. Michael was still unpredictable. He could easily change his mind and snap everyone's neck in a few seconds. He looked at Jamie again, and said : "We should call an ambulance."

Laurie yelled : "AND IT'S YOU WHO SAYS IT ? YOU DIDN'T CARE MUCH ABOUT JAMIE'S LIFE WHEN YOU SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE AND SHE WAS STILL INSIDE !" Michael growled deeply in his throat.

Jamie gasped and cried : "Uncle !"

Something in Laurie's mind hated the way she called the boogeyman "uncle", but when she looked at said uncle, her brain stopped working for a moment. Michael had collapsed and Loomis caught him. The doctor didn't realize how much danger he was in until he had a weakened Myers in his arms. He whispered : "Michael. Do you hear me ?"

He nodded once.

"I need to take off your mask." Michael froze. "You need to breathe properly. I have to take it off. You're suffocating." The younger man turned his head, which obviously meant "Whatever. I can't die". Loomis sighed. "I know you can't die but I need to talk to you and you won't be useful if you're passed out. And I'm not sure it will do any good to your brain."

As Michael kept refusing, Jamie got up and walked to him, kneeling on the dirty ground. "Uncle ?" He turned his head toward Jamie as her mother was watching, half terrified, half fascinated. Jamie was terrified too, but she did her best not to show it, as her tiny fingers gripped her uncle's mask and pulled it off, slowly, afraid to hurt him or cause him any discomfort. Loomis was absolutely amazed.

Michael had never accepted to be touched, especially not his face, and getting him to take off his mask was already hard enough, but taking it off instead of him was something he always considered impossible. Jamie smiled faintly as she finally saw her uncle's face. He wasn't ugly, far from it. He had dark brown hair just like Jamie, a little nose like hers and the same black eyes. He was breathing slowly, his face covered in black ashes. Jamie didn't find him scary anymore without his mask, she murmured : "You're... Just like me..." Loomis and Laurie heard it all. The doctor shivered. This girl didn't realize what she was saying. The man who was "just like her" was evil and could kill her with one finger. And instead of being scared she was fascinated. What a little fool... "Uncle Michael...? Why did you... Save me...?" There were sobs in Jamie's angelic voice. So she truly did believe her uncle had saved her life...? Michael remained silent. Loomis then spoke. "Is it why you carried Jamie out of here, Michael ? You wanted to save her...?"

The unmasked man nodded, looking puzzled by the situation. He wasn't understanding. He did good, didn't he ? When he wanted to see his baby sister all grown up he wanted to be good too, but he had failed... She was scared of him now and he knew it was his fault. What else could he do ? He was trying so hard to be good for his

family but he could only scare them... It was tiring. And when he was tired of trying when he obviously couldn't succeed he killed. He hated to see people flinch away when they saw him. He hated the way they didn't even try to understand what he was trying to tell them. He hated that they always assumed, because he was uncomfortable, he was clumsy, not used to relations to others at all, that he wanted a bloodbath. It wasn't true... It wasn't... He couldn't tell them... Anger had stolen everything he had. His family, his voice, his sanity. Even when he tried to do good he ended up being punished. Something was controlling him and he was scared of it. Scared of himself. But little Jamie... Little Jamie wasn't scared of him anymore, was she ? He had shown her he was good to her, he had saved her, he loved her. She was good to him. She didn't call him names. She didn't try to hurt him and escape. Michael couldn't die but injuries never hurt less. He had never felt like this, but he knew if anyone took Jamie away from him he would kill all the people that tried to stop him to get her back.

"Uncle...?" He blinked. He had forgotten where he was. He got lost in his thoughts. "Why are you crying...?" What was she...? He then felt them. Tears. Hot, salty tears, rolling down his cold cheeks. When was the last time he cried ? He didn't remember. It was so new to him, and scary...

"Michael...?" Laurie had kneeled next to him. She was still scared, he felt it, but something was changing in her. She didn't hate him anymore, she was confused and puzzled. "Who are you, Michael ?" she thought. Jamie whimpered : "Mommy I feel weird..." before her mother had time to do anything, the little girl fainted. Laurie looked at Loomis as she was holding her daughter : "Call an ambulance." That's when Michael passed out too, and doctor Loomis had to get away from him. Michael was hyperventilating and twitching, having what seemed to be a really bad seizure, or a horrible nightmare. Laurie was scared. She was scared of Michael but it wasn't a reason not to be concerned. Loomis was worried too. He'd never seen Michael like this. For a moment he thought he was dying. Jamie whimpered softly, and Michael made the same soft cries of fear. Laurie whispered : "Doctor... Let me hold him... Please..." He accepted without a protest and laid Michael next to his niece, both of their heads resting on Laurie's lap. Immediately, without waking up, Jamie shifted closer to her uncle and wrapped her tiny arms around him. And Michael actually calmed down.

"Wh-What just happened...?, Laurie asked with tears in her eyes.

>- I've never seen that before... But there seems to be a strong bound between them... I believe... I believe that, as long as the girl is with him, she must have a way to soothe him...
- What do you mean...?

>- Michael must be... Clinging to what's left of his family... Which means you... And the girl...
- He's been trying to kill me. He doesn't want me, he wants Jamie.

>- If he really meant to kill you he would've done it when you were still a baby.
- This is nonsense... Doctor you always told me there was no humanity left in Michael...

>- I was wrong... I failed to see it... But deep in his soul, there must be something left..."<p>

* * *

><p>Reviews cost nothing but mean a lot to me.

2. What's left : Chapter 2

Answers to anonymous reviews :

___Guest : ___Thank you very much ! I do try my best, I'm happy you enjoyed it !

>

_Michael Myers : Oh thank you, I didn't expect to get a review from the great great slasher you are. You're my favourite !~

>Don't kill me please, though.
_

_Lady Goldberry : Can't wait for more ? Here is more ! Thank you very much dear !

>

_**Thank you so much for all these reviews, I didn't expect this much ! English isn't even my first language, so I take it there weren't too many mistakes. :3 Thank you again, you gave me motivation to continue this story, and I have new ones on the road !**

>

* * *

><p>Jamie woke up to the sound of her uncle's breath. Her mind was still blurry from all painkillers and meds, and she first wondered where she was, before hearing the regular beep of a machine next to her bed, and guessing that, according to the white walls and ceiling, she was in hospital.<p>

Her uncle was on his knees, his chin rested on her bed, his hands on the little girl's arm. He wasn't trying to break his niece's bones. He was just watching her, fascinated. She was fascinating, wasn't she ? She was his niece. His. He felt like she was his own daughter. He had never felt like this. Michael was actually soft as can be around her. He had often been afraid to scare her and hurt her. The only contacts he had with others was for killing them, slitting their throat, strangling them, crushing their skull, breaking their fingers, stabbing, hitting, ripping. Never simply holding hands. Stroke a girl's hair, caress her face, cradle her in his arms, wipe tears away, hug, comfort, kiss... It was new.

For 20 years he hadn't held a hand. Held a child in his arms. Nothing close to this. And now he could do it all at once... He enjoyed it. It made him happy. Actually happy. More than a fake smile on his face, it was a little warmth spreading in his cold black heart. He didn't know if sweet Jamie felt the same, he hoped so, being rejected by her would be awful, he would do terrible things.

But he knew he couldn't anyways. First because hurting little Jamie would mean hurting himself as well. He ignored what was the second reason, because behind what seemed to be a simple wall, he wasn't alone. Laurie and Loomis were watching him behind a window, they could see him but from inside the room you couldn't see anything. They would have never left the serial killer alone with an injured kid.

Well at least Laurie wouldn't. Loomis was always the one to try new

experiments, not caring if anyone was hurt in the process. Nothing so far had happened, and they had been there for 5 days. Jamie's burns were healing, so were Michael's, but no one doubted he would get through it. Jamie's state could have been way more preoccupating if she hadn't been saved by Michael, Laurie and Loomis knew it, and couldn't help but be disturbed by this thought. Evil Michael Myers had saved Innocent Jamie Lloyd's life. And he was watching over her everyday. He was really behaving like an uncle should. Maybe more like a big brother, but he seemed to care deeply for her. What worried them was that he could as well be lying through his teeth, and they currently had no way to prove it. It was so stressing. He was unpredictable. They would have preferred to get him locked away in a mental hospital or a prison forever. That's what they first wanted to do. That's what they were going to do. As soon as Jamie would get out of hospital, they would put Michael in one. The most securised one. He would never get out. Eventually if he behaved well enough visits would be allowed.

For the moment Jamie was drawing with Michael. She was concerned when she saw he was only drawing sad faces. Before he could do the mouth of one of his sad characters, Jamie quickly leaned toward the picture and drew a smile. He froze, looking puzzled. Then he nodded in approvement and the little girl giggled. Michael then drew lots of happy faces. He drew a girl with brown hair and pink cheeks, and a bright smile. He pointed at Jamie, and back at the picture. "It's me ?" He nodded. "It's very pretty." A smile spread across her features and Michael felt happy. He had made her smile.

He never knew, but he had made Laurie cry too. She had seen it all behind the glass, and she felt confused. She didn't know what to believe anymore. One part of her knew Michael was just evil and mindless, but the other had a strong argument too ; he had been drawing with a 9 years old little girl for hours.

"Who is it ?" asked Jamie. Michael pointed at himself, and lifted his hand upon his head. "A bigger you...? A... A big sister ?" The man nodded. "What's her name ?" He took a purple pen and wrote below the girl "Judith". Jamie seemed to keep the information preciously in her brain, before another question came on her lips.

"And who's this one ?" She had pointed to another woman, smaller than the other, but looking similar. Michael did the same movement as earlier, only he lowered his hand instead of lifting it. "Little sister, that's it ?" Another nod. "Is it mommy ?" Michael seemed to shiver at the word "mommy", and stayed still. He only wrote slowly below the girl "Laurie". He had drawn a shape between the two girls, smaller than Judith but taller than Laurie. "And this one ?" The shape's face was hidden behind scribbles. He had a skinny, tiny body, his legs and arms trembling, and there were no colours in him, only black. Jamie didn't wait for her uncle's answer, she knew already.

"It's you."

Silence.

"Why is your face hidden ?"

Silence.

"Do you think you're... ugly ?" Michael turned his head toward his niece and she immediately put her hands over her face in protection as he raised his hand menacingly. "I-I d-didn't mean t-to upset you...! I'm s-sorry uncle !" She was waiting for the hit. It never came. Michael had stabbed the boy's face with the red pen. Jamie stared, half horrified, half fascinated, as her uncle scribbled the boy's whole body with red. She had to gather all her courage to stop him and ask : "Why ? Why are you doing that to yourself ?"

Michael's breath slowed, he dropped the pen and stared at the picture. He was shaking. He had forgotten it was only a picture, not a real boy. He had forgotten it was only a pen, not a knife. He had forgotten his niece was here.

But Loomis and Laurie hadn't forgotten he was a serial killer.

Strong doctors had pulled him to the floor, despite Jamie's cries of fear. Michael didn't fight. He didn't protest. He didn't struggle. He could have escaped if he wanted, for sure. But it seemed he had given up. Jamie got up and hit one of the doctors, only to find herself being pulled back against her bed. Unlike her uncle, she struggled and kicked the air. She didn't like to be held so close by strangers, it reminded her... It reminded her...

>She screamed. That's when Michael finally decided it was time to get rid of these annoying men trying to keep him still. He lifted his right arm, quickly caught the wrist of the doctor that was keeping it down and crushed it. He then lifted his other arm, clenched his fist and punch another doctor's hand against the tile floor, breaking both the floor and the hand. He rolled on his side, kicked a third doctor in the stomach and as he was about to snap the last one's neck, a tiny hand stopped him.<p>

"Uncle." Michael let the frightened man go. He looked at his niece, puzzled. Was she scared ? Oh he didn't want to scare her ! Please someone tell him he hadn't scared her...

>Jamie was shaking. She was scared. What could he do to make her forgive him ? He slowly leaned closer and wrapped his strong arms around her. She thought for a second he was going to break her in two. But he held her gently. His rested his chin on top of her head and sighed contently. Jamie didn't move at first, but as he wasn't doing anything bad she cuddled closer and wrapped her thin arms around his neck. He was perfectly calm and relaxed.<p>

But Laurie wasn't. She had ran with Loomis to the door of the room, and had only seen Michael beat up the doctors, not what followed. When the door slammed open, Michael clenched his teeth and held Jamie closer. The little girl felt it. She was starting to worry. If her mother was worried did it mean she had to be too ? Laurie stayed still for a few seconds, before she took a step closer. "Michael, leave her." The shape didn't move an inch. Loomis tried too. "Michael ? Please."

No reaction. Jamie looked up at her him. "Uncle...? You've got to let me go... Or mommy and the doctor will think you want to hurt me too. And it's not true, so please listen to them... You will come to see me later..." She looked hesitantly at her mother. "Right...?"

Laurie nodded. "Yes Michael.

>- You see ?" said Jamie. He finally let his niece go and run in her

mother's arms.<p>

Laurie hoped that Michael didn't hear her trembling voice when she lied.

* * *

><p>Reviews are free but priceless to me ~

3. What's left : Chapter 3

Answer to anonymous reviews :

_Snow Insane : Thank youuu ! I just love the way you typed with British accent, I just love this accent it's the sexiest thing ever. Damn.
>

_Lady Goldberry : Thank you so much, but I'm going to give you feels in this chapter (if I haven't already) XD
>

_Note : I just assumed Thorazine is liquid in this chapter. I actually don't have a clue about it.
>

_Note : This chapter is about a touchy subject. I don't want to offend anyone.
>

* * *

><p>Jamie had been mute for days.<p>

She had stopped talking to anyone and seemed sad all the time.

They had betrayed both her and her uncle.

When she came out of hospital, she kept asking where Michael was, and neither Laurie or Loomis answered, so she sensed something was definitely wrong. On the way back home she didn't stop asking : "Where's uncle ?".

Eventually Laurie had snapped and told her her crazy uncle would be locked forever in a mental hospital.

Jamie burst into tears and never spoke again. She was sad because she missed him, but also because she could only imagine how her uncle felt. Little did she know he felt worse than ever.

Loomis only would come to visit him, and news weren't good.

Michael had lost a lot of weight since he was in hospital, and showed signs of severe depression. He refused to eat, he didn't even make masks anymore. His cell was desperately empty. Loomis was really worried about him. Michael wasn't the same. He accepted the Thorazine and stayed in his bed all and all night.

The doctor made up his mind and decided to allow Jamie to come and

see him, if it could make him feel any better. He had seen the signs of amelioration when his patient was with his niece, and he wondered if Michael could be human again.

He talked about it all to Laurie. She refused immediatly. Her daughter would never make friends with a killer. But as Loomis told her how Michael had changed, she couldn't help but be deeply worried ; and if it could please her daughter she would do anything.

They chose a day and hour, and explained everything to Jamie ; she had to be calm and not try to come into her uncle's cell until she was allowed to. And if anything happened, she had to come out immediatly.

Finally the day came, and they found themselves wandering in the hospital. Jamie heard the patients' voices and didn't like it at all. At least her uncle made no creepy noise and didn't deliriously shout nonsenses.

As they were coming closer to the cell, a nurse almost ran into them. Loomis tried to calm her down as she seemed frightened. "What's happened, my child ?" The young woman was shaking. "I was giving him his medicine, and h-he took the bottle from m-me... He was going to break my wrist but he stopped all of a sudden a-and I escaped...!" Loomis was starting to worry. "Who did this ?>- M-Michael Myers..." He froze.<p>

It wasn't good. Not good at all. He rushed to his patient's cell, followed by Laurie and Jamie.

When he arrived he found Michael sitting on the floor, his head doddling. There was an empty bottle of Thorazine next to him.

"Michael...?" He didn't move. Loomis knew what Michael had done. He assumed it would not happen, but he wasn't too surprised. Jamie didn't understand, and her mother wasn't too sure about it, but she knew Michael must have felt really, really bad.

Loomis opened the cell and stepped in. Michael didn't seem to see him. When he saw his patient didn't have the slightest reaction, he took off his mask and helped him up. Michael used to be a lot heavier, Loomis noticed, and it worried him even more.

He opened a door that was the bathroom door. He then sat Michael in front of the toilet bowl, and closed the door, staying alone with him. He knew if his patient wasn't in this state, he would be in great danger, but it wasn't the case. He had to be quick. The medicine was making Michael sleepy, and in a few minutes he would be fast asleep.

Loomis stuck two fingers down Michael's throat and focused on keeping him in a sitting position. Michael started to show signs of discomfort, he was paling and his stomach seemed to do a back flip, before his doctor decided it was enough. He wrapped his arms around Michael's waist and squeezed tightly.

Michael gagged but Loomis gently pulled his hand behind his back. He felt bad when he heard his patient's soft whimpers. "I'm sorry, he said, but I have to. I won't let you die this way. Not now. I have

found another way to end your nightmare. But now you have to throw up, please." Michael grabbed the sides of the toilet bowl and had a kind of hiccup that lifted his insides and finally made him vomit everything.

Loomis sighed in relief, rubbing Michael's back soothingly. He felt the younger man was scared. He wasn't used to be sick, for sure. "It's okay. It will stop as soon as your stomach is empty. Nothing else will come out."

After a few minutes it was over. Loomis glared at the sink. Thorazine mixed with bile. He was right. He helped Michael to lay on his bed and whispered : "You need to rest now. Don't worry. We're not going to leave. Do you want your mask back ?" He nodded and Loomis sighed, handing it to him. Laurie looked at them both, told Jamie to stay out until she allowed her to come in, and finally stepped in the cell.

"What happened...?" Loomis suddenly looked 10 years older. "I knew it would happen. I knew it and didn't do anything before today.
>- What happened ?! she asked, worried.
- He tried to kill himself." Laurie stayed speechless.

Everything she believed was wrong. Michael wasn't a mindless killing machine. He actually had a soul, and actually had feelings. He even did realize what he had done. He had been treated like an animal all this time and Laurie didn't find it wrong. It was making her sick. Michael did suffer. She could only imagine how much his heart ached, because he had one, and it made her want to cry. She now believed in the theory that Michael didn't control himself. She wanted to help him. She wanted to die.

She sat next to her brother's bed and sighed, stroking his mask. "I'm sorry..." Michael tried to touch her hand, but Laurie instinctively backed up. She cursed herself and held his hand. "I'm so sorry...!" Michael saw she was about to cry.

He then did something that left everyone speechless. He took off his mask in front of his little sister and pressed his lips to her cheek. Laurie was so surprised she didn't feel the tears that rolled down her cheeks. She didn't move until Michael lied back in his bed, waiting for his sister's reaction with eyes full of questions.

Laurie brought her lips to her brother's forehead and whispered against his skin : "Everything will get better..." She sobbed. "I promise...".

Michael knew it was nothing more than words. His mother had promised everything would get better but it didn't. No one could promise this. But he decided to believe her.

Laurie stroke her brother's hair and looked at Jamie. The little girl was staring at her uncle. Laurie nodded at her and Jamie knew she had the permission to come in. She had a picture in her hands, and she sat beside her mother.

"Uncle ?" Michael looked exhausted and ill. Jamie remembered how he was when they were both at hospital, and how he just looked like a big teddy bear. She hardly recognized him. He was so thin and pale...

And those dark circles under his eyes... He looked like a zombie. No matter how tired he was, he turned his head to look at his niece and see the picture she was showing him.

She had drawn a man and a girl on a hill holding hands and smiling. "It's us, you see ? You, and me."

Michael saw and felt as though a flower had bloomed in his heart, and a butterfly was tickling it. Tears picked at the corner of his black eyes.

Jamie frowned. "You don't like it ?" Michael wanted to speak but failed miserably. "A-Aa... I..." It upset him greatly. He was just like a frustrated child. He balled his fists and furrowed his eyebrows. "I-I-aah..." He felt miserable. Jamie smiled faintly, and kisses his cheek.

"It doesn't matter. I love you."

Something broke inside Michael. The invisible mask he was wearing, under his real mask, the one that prevented him from showing any emotion even when he was not wearing his usual white mask, crackled, as sobs escaped his lips and he just stood there, crying like a child, because his niece had said the words he couldn't say.

* * *

><p>Reviews are free but priceless to me !

4. What's left : Chapter 4

After this chapter, it will be the end ! Will be short, though, I've been running out of ideas. I don't like the way this story is going, it's disappointing. Hope you like it anyways 3

* * *

><p>After the events that occurred, everyone was left speechless. Everyone felt guilty. Especially Laurie. She remembered all the moments she could have actually tried to help Michael and she only saw the monster in him.<p>

The same monster that had tried to take his own life. It hurt to think she had let him suffer like this. She knew it wasn't her fault, but deep down she was sure it actually was. She always considered she was the good one and Michael was evil. Not anymore. The roles had been reversed. She understood her brother was a broken man, who couldn't control himself and actually had sorrows.

She should have understood already the first night she saw him. She had taken off his mask and had seen his face for a few seconds. He looked as terrified as her. He wasn't evil. Deranged, obviously, but not evil.

Laurie didn't know what she could do to help him. She didn't want to leave him alone in the hospital, he would do "it" again. She couldn't take him with her ; if anyone saw him they would call the police. She couldn't even tell the story to a tribunal and ask to keep him in her house, they would sentence him to the electric chair.

She chased the pictures that came in her head immediatly. Her brother tied to the chair, people wrapping bandages around his eyes to prevent them from hanging out of their sockets, the helmet on his head, and his body convulsing to the awful noise of electricity, the smell of burned flesh, the doctor checking on him and shaking his head, sign that he was still living, and this noise again, the boiling saliva coming out of his mouth, then the hot blood finally running down his face, and the silence. The sound of death. She didn't see all these images, she didn't. She tried to convince herself she didn't.

Her brother had done horrible things, he had killed her older sister she never met, her best friends, so many people... She felt responsible for their deaths. It was her that he wanted, not them.

She hated him when she thought about it all, but then she saw him drawing with her daughter, drawing the faces of his victims, and his miserable self.

He gave his heart to a nine years old girl. After all this time she was trying to see things from his point of view. If he really couldn't control himself, and had to watch people he didn't mean to kill die in front of him, Laurie's heart ached for him.

He knew he was a monster, and she wanted desperatly to prove him wrong. If only she could bring him to her house, feed him, nurse him back to health... She grew attached to him, somehow, she wondered if it was the Stockholm syndrom, when the victim feels affection toward the molester. But he was her brother after all ! He was family ! The only family she had, not that Jamie was not from her family, but it was different. She always thought she'd forever be the little orphan looking for her origins, and Michael was part of them. No matter what he had done, she wanted to give him another chance. He deserved it after all the efforts he did, didn't he ? Maybe that was just what he needed. A new start.

That's why, when Loomis told her what Michael wanted, she was devastated.

"He wants to be judged. He knows he will be sentenced to death. He is well aware of it all. He just wants the nightmare to end.
>- I refuse !"<p>

Laurie was terrified. What would happen to her daughter if Michael died ? He was only getting better, he couldn't give up now !

"He knows what he wants, you can't refuse it to him. If he loses control it will start all over again. He made his choice." That was not a choice, Laurie thought. Michael didn't... Well, somehow he did deserve to die but Laurie didn't want to let him die like this. There was humanity left in him, she had seen it ! And Laurie didn't think any human deserved to die.

She came to visit Michael at least once a week, spending time with him. She cared about her brother and wanted him to know it. She sometimes offered him drawings that Jamie had done for him and he gave her the one ones he made for his niece. She also gave him presents that she bought herself ; mostly books. Biographies of

famous people. She wanted to show him he could have a brilliant life like them. That maybe he would speak again. He would finally get rid of the darkness inside him. She hoped this with all her heart. Michael was smart, no matter what anyone could say. He just didn't know anything about relationships and contacts, but in no way did that make him dumb. He had so many possibilities and he wanted to give up now...? No, she wouldn't let him ! She didn't give up, why would he ? Yes, she had lost her faith in him but she had gained it back. She knew he could get better if he had a motive. For so long he didn't have any... But she would do her best. She swore to him, everything would get better. If only he could wait...

One day, as she was coming to see him, something surprised her. He wasn't there. He was gone. Why ? Did someone take him in front of a judge as he asked ? It couldn't be... She would have been informed... He was her brother...

She tried to calm down as she realized she was panicking. Maybe he was somewhere in the hospital. Maybe he was sick and was resting in the nurse station. Maybe he had a therapy. She walked around trying to find him, but he was nowhere to be seen. As she looked through a window, she saw Loomis in the garden. There was a little park around the hospital, and patients could go out if they were allowed to. Maybe the doctor knew what happened to Michael.

When she walked to him, she understood. Loomis was sitting on a large rock, looking at the birds chirping around. Michael was with him, his mask on his lap, tilting his head to both sides as he was staring at the birds. He was fascinated. Little tweeting things.

Loomis turned his head and poked Michael's shoulder. "Look who's there." The younger man didn't move but smiled widely at his sister, closing his eyes in the process. Laurie sat next to him and squeezed his hand.

"How are you ?"

He kept smiling, but it was starting to look forced.

"I know what you want to do. I don't want you to die. I understand your choice but I just can't let you be judged. I can't..." Michael stopped smiling and frowned, looking down at a bird trying to eat his shoelace.

"I want to see the progress you're going to make. You made so much already, I know you'll only get better. Look ! You're outside ! A few months ago you wouldn't have been allowed to sit in the park ! And I'm here with you !" She squeezed his hand harder. "I'm here... I need you Michael..."

After a long silence, Michael took his notebook and his pen out of his pocket and started writing. He carefully hid the page, not wanting anyone to read until it was finished. He finally handed it to his sister. "Do I have to read it aloud ?" Michael shrugged. "If you want", he seemed to say. So the young woman started reading.

"People seem to have hope in me now. I don't understand why now and not before. I don't understand what has changed. I'm still the same, why would people make up their minds now ? I feel like it's just a lie. I don't feel different. I want to end it. I want the memories to

go away. If you really loved me you would let me decide."

Laurie could barely read the last words as tears blurred her vision. She was sincere to him... She really was... And he didn't believe. It hurt her.

"I really love you. Probably not enough to let you go... But I wouldn't lie to you... Not about it..."

She tried to hold back tears and failed miserably. She didn't want Michael to believe it was his fault if she was crying. Hopefully he wasn't paying attention to her anymore, focused on the small bird hopping around his feet. Laurie bit her lower lip. Her brother then looked at her and seemed concerned.

His sister was crying, what were people supposed to do to comfort each other ? He thought maybe a hug would do. So he wrapped his arms around his sister. He smiled contently when he didn't feel her flinch away . She trusted him, didn't she ? If she wasn't afraid it meant she did. He remembered when he used to hold her like this. She was a baby. It made him feel all weird inside. Laurie felt the same. He was too young to remember the time his 6 years old brother held her in his arms, smiling proudly.

But she remembered his touch, his warmth, his little but already strong arms, and it was more comforting than anything else he could have done.

* * *

><p>Reviews are free but priceless to me.

5. What's left : Chapter 5

I'm so so so sorry for the delay, so here's a double-long chapter just for each of you lovely readers : '3 Forgive me ?

_Hope you'll like it, the next chapter is already written so you'll have it within a few days, promise ! _

* * *

><p>"Uncle !"<p>

Jamie's eyes had widened and her arms opened, while a smile grew on her angelic face. Michael kneeled to hug her tightly, smiling too. He barely wore his mask anymore, but his sister always kept it, in case he wanted it. There were situations in which he still needed to hide his face, when he was scared or insecure. When he didn't fear to show his feelings, he was as expressive as anyone else, maybe even more.

He was handsome with a smile brightening his delicate features. He had Laurie and Jamie's little nose, that Sam Loomis liked to call "The Myers nose". He had their dark eyes too. His iris turned into a deep tone of chocolate when he was happy, which suited him better than the usual black. His teeth, despite years of neglecting, were not misplaced, and white after a visit to the dentist (this part wasn't funny for Michael. The idea of someone putting their fingers

in his mouth didn't please him much. He nearly bit the dentist). He had stopped eating his nails and the skin around them, but it left his flesh fragilized and pinker than anywhere else. Strands of dark brown hair fell in his eyes and around his ears. It was silky and soft. His lips were thin and pink, a little crackled and scarred, because their owner often bit them until they were bleeding. The worst was on his forearms. Blue, purple, red, pink, white scars everywhere. No skin left untouched. Laurie comforted herself by searching for a new scar, and never finding any. If he didn't feel the need to hurt himself anymore, it meant he was feeling better. Or so she hoped.

She finally won her battle against justice and had the right to bring her brother home. Everything would be a lot easier. She hadn't been here for Michael when he needed her, now she would.

Earlier this day, Laurie went to the cemetary. Her sister's grave was back in its place. She sat there and talked to Judith for long hours, telling her everything that happened, that their brother had changed and she didn't have to worry about anything.

"Maybe one day I'll take him to see you. I hope. I'm sure it would be... Interesting for him. You know, he's different now. Since last Halloween he hasn't tried to hurt me or anyone."

After a while she looked around, hoping no one heard her talking to a grave, and left. She went to pick up Michael at the hospital and drove back home. Loomis was already here, looking after Jamie who had been informed of the project.

Michael remained silent during the whole trip ; not that anyone expected him to speak, but he made no attempt to communicate. He was closed. Laurie was worried about him. She could only see his eyes, he didn't take his mask off as he would usually do with his sister, and something told her he didn't feel good. He looked sad. So sad.

"What are you thinking about, Michael ?"

He didn't look up, but after a while he made a sign. He pointed at his chest, then at Laurie, then at Judith (he designed her by pointing to the sky), and he held an imaginary baby in his arms.

"Us ?" He shook his head. "I'm sorry, I don't understand. Don't you have your notebook ?" Same move. "Did you forget it ?" Same move. Laurie was puzzled. Michael pointed at the back of the car. "Oh I'm sorry, I put it there with your things ! You'll have it back when we're home, alright ?"

He nodded this time. "Do you want me to guess who you were thinking about ? I'll say names, just tell me when I'm right." He tilted his head and leaned back against the seat. "Is it about someone in the hospital ?" Michael didn't move.

>"A doctor ? A nurse ? A patient ? Dr Loomis ?"<p>

Michael pointed to his chest, drawing a heart with his index.

"Someone you love ?" He nodded. "Jamie ? Me ? Judith ? ... Mommy ?"

He looked up at Laurie. "Yes, mommy." he thought. "Do you remember our mommy ?" He nodded quickly. "Of course you do. I was too young when she..." Laurie bit her lips. "I can't remember Judith either. How were they ?"

Michael poked Laurie's chest. "Like me ?" He nodded. "Do I look like them ?"

"A lot" though Michael sadly. He just nodded again. "I'm sure you look like them too. You're part of the family. And Jamie looks like you." He froze for a moment. His beloved niece looked like him ? She said it herself anyway, the first time she saw him.

"You're just like me. That's what she said. She was right." Laurie smiled, and so did Michael at his sister's words.

"You never talk about our father, though..." Michael frowned deeply. He never knew his real father. Only his abusive stepfather. A disgusting human being. Michael used to be bullied by classmates, but it was nothing compared to his father's treatments. He remembered the first time he came to his room at night, when his mother was gone. Michael was three years old. The man undressed him and raped him. He tore him apart. Michael remembered the blood. There was way too much, and he knew it was his. Then he was forced to take his molester's cock in his mouth, and swallow everything that came out. It tasted like crap. Michael was in too much pain to even think of escaping. He heard him in Judith's room too. "If you repeat anything, you're dead." He heard these words too often. His stepfather, like it wasn't enough already, started to beat him up too. He called him a fat pig everytime he ate. Michael eventually thought of starving himself, but food was the only comfort he had. He wished he could die. He killed rats and kitten, before hurting himself as inflicting pain to something else didn't provide any pleasure or satisfaction. He wished he could cut the fat out of himself. He ended up with a morbid need of food and blood. Preferably his own.

He was ten years old. Then came this night his sister's boyfriend spent the night with her. Michael heard sounds he knew too much. Moans. Cries. Panting. Groaning. Wet, disgusting sounds. Poor boy never learned sex was a source of pleasure to most people, he only knew the dark, perverted side of it. He boiled with anger. Someone else was hurting Judith. maybe this person would come and hurt him too. He was scared of his stepfather, but not of this stranger. He opened the door quietly and watched. To his horror, Judith seemed to like it. She was begging more. She never did that with his stepfather. She was enjoying this torture. Terrified, the boy thought she was also consenting with her first rapist, and that she was the one to ask him to hurt Michael, and she would do the same with her boyfriend. They were evil. Michael was scared for his mother and Boo. Boo had never hurt anyone and these people would kill her... He didn't think much. He took a butcher knife and killed his sister, her boyfriend and his stepfather.

Boo was awake. He needed to comfort her and tell her no one would harm her now. He kissed her forehead and whispered :

"Happy Halloween, Boo."

Then he felt sick to his stomach. He had eaten too many candies before the murders. He was still a kid. He awoke from his daydreaming

as the car stopped.

"Here we are !" Michael was no longer ten but in his early thirties. He was upset now. He had fallen asleep in the car. But he had been so nervous the night before he couldn't sleep at all and barely ate anything, feeling too ill. In the middle of the night his stomach was spasming badly. He stayed in the bathroom until morning. He was feeling again, but there weren't only good feelings, and stress was back worse than ever. The car ride didn't make things better.

He stepped out of the vehicle, took off his mask and threw up what he had managed to eat in the morning. Laurie rushed to his side, even more worried. "Michael ! Are you ill ?" She rubbed his back soothingly, trying to comfort him, and pulled his hair back. When the vomiting session was over, Laurie touched her brother's forehead. "You don't have fever. I don't think you caught the flu. You don't usually fall ill, do you ?" Michael shook his head, panting softly. "Are you nervous ?" He nodded. "Michael... There's no reason to be worried..."

Laurie smiled and pulled him into a gentle hug. "Everything's gonna be alright... Jamie is eager to see you... Don't worry..." Michael visibly relaxed in his sister's arms. "Do you feel better ?" He nodded slowly, but still looked a little pale. "We could go for a walk before going home. Do you want to ?" Michael smiled. "Come on then ! Do you want your mask back ? Or do you think you can do without it ? People will recognize you if you wear it... And they'll probably be scared. It's not against you, I'm sure you understand."

Laurie could see in her brother's eyes he understood. So they walked around Haddonfield hand in hand. People didn't pay attention to them. It was quite new to Michael. No one seemed scared. Until Laurie's best friend, Rachel Carruthers, came up to them.

Rachel was five years younger than Laurie, but she had lost her two best friends, Annie and Lynda, and when she met Rachel she immediately loved her. The young Carruthers lady knew of her friend's big brother, she even saw him ; but she escaped before he could kill her. Therefore she had never seen his face.

So when she met her best friend holding hands with a man, she smiled and walked up to Laurie.

"Is he your boyfriend ?" Laurie laughed and shook her head. "No, he's my brother."

Rachel's smile grew wider. "You didn't tell me you had another brother !" The older woman frowned. "I only have one."

The red-haired Carruthers' smile disappeared, replaced by an expression of pure terror. "Rachel...? Please don't worry... He won't hurt you. I promise he won't." Rachel was now shaking with fear, not daring to look at Michael, who wasn't really more confident than her. He seemed scared too. He studied Rachel and tried to think of what he should do. Hugging Rachel would scare her to death. He didn't know what to do. So he just moved, which made Rachel flinch away, but he only hid behind his sister, clinging to her shirt. He was taller than her, and it was rather funny to see him like this. But Rachel wasn't amused by the scene. Why on Earth did her best friend hang out with

her brother, who was a dangerous psycho killer ? Laurie turned her head to look at Michael, and try to comfort him.

"Come on, you know Rachel, don't you ?" He nodded. "But I tried to kill her" he wanted to add. He held his hand out, so suddenly Rachel cried and jumped backward. Michael winced at the cry but didn't move. Shaking hands is a way to say hello ; it also means two people decided to end a conflict. A symbol of peace.

Rachel shivered, took a deep breath and finally held Michael's hand and shook it gently, looking up nervously at him. He was smiling. She smiled back to him. "Hi Michael." His lips parted to say "hi" too, but no sound came out. Rachel understood. "I'm sorry for not telling you about it earlier...

>- Laurie, it's alright ! Don't be sorry. It must have been complicated. How's Jamie ?
- She's doing good. Would you like to come and see her ?

>- I'd love to ! I hope it doesn't bother you.
- Of course it doesn't ! Don't be stupid, I wouldn't have proposed you if it bothered me !"

Rachel probably wanted to convince herself she wasn't utterly and completely terrified of Michael, but it wasn't working much. She was shaking like a leaf on a tree's branch in October. But she could trust Laurie, right ? It wasn't like she didn't know her brother. If he really had changed then it was great ; but if it was nothing else than a trap... Rachel couldn't tell at the moment.

Michael seemed pretty honest to her, actually, and she chose to trust him. Something in his eyes told her he was really sincere and doing his best to be good. It pained her a little. "Poor man" she thought, "He doesn't look scary at all now..."

Michael nervously glared at Rachel, who was walking behind him and Laurie. "I'm happy things got better for you." Rachel said. Michael knew that "you" didn't include him. Would it ever ? In the back of his heart, he believed he would never really part of his own family. He got lost in his dark thoughts. He'd never really be accepted, would he ?

He couldn't allow himself to think of this. Today was an important day. And he missed Haddonfield, as strange as it could sound. It was home, a bloodied home, but still the only one he ever knew. He didn't really have many memories of the years in Smith Grove's. Sometimes they came back, and it scared him. He couldn't stand seeing the monster he used to be. He was so scared.

Michael Myers' greatest fear was himself. But now he had his family to comfort and protect him. He wouldn't be scared anymore, and the evil Michael would leave. It was the first time he thought he could get rid of the darkness in him without dying in the process. He didn't want anything else than this. Nothing more. Was it too much ?

Finally they arrived at Laurie's house. Jamie had been looking through the window for hours, not wanting to miss her uncle's arrival.

"Your mom said they would be here at 10. You can do something else until then.

>- No, I want to see them. If I miss them I will be sad.
- If you want, but you still have half an hour before it's 10."

Samuel Loomis sighed. Jamie reminded him so much of Michael when he met him. He wasn't really talkative, but if Loomis started to speak to him, the boy would answer. Jamie didn't show any signs of violent pulsions, or nothing to be really concerned about, unlike the young Michael. But they were pretty similar nonetheless.

"They're here ! Look !" The doctor walked up to the window. "Rachel is here too !"

Loomis knew the red-haired Carruthers, for he talked to her after she got attacked by Michael. She was one of the few who didn't die by Michael's hands. She had been lucky, he thought, very lucky. The doctor knew Michael for more than 20 years, and his patient's goal was not to mutilate people, but to kill them. It was probably less cruel.

"Mommy's here !" But the person she was the happiest to see was Michael. "Uncle !" She opened the door, ran to him and jumped in his arms, wrapping hers around his neck.

Rachel was speechless. It could actually be true, he had changed. He looked so happy and bright. He was almost touching.

Without being able to explain why, Rachel felt tears picking at the corner of her eyes. Sam Loomis couldn't help but smile too. He had been wrong all this time, hopefully, Michael wasn't lost. He had been hurt and bruised, but it was the same Michael as the one he met about 20 years ago. The shy boy with sadness in his eyes, who asked him why he had a funny accent. The adorable little kid who made masks and said black was his favorite color.

This Michael that Sam had loved so much and who sadly lost his fight against his dark side came back to life. Like nothing had happened. He was the same. Michael placed a kiss on his niece's forehead, smiling like a mad man, overwhelmed by happiness. Jamie then hugged Laurie and Rachel, laughing. The oldest woman ruffled her big brother's chocolate brown hair. Michael's eyes had brightened up, sparkling like they never did yet.

It was a pleasant and sweet scene, but to those who knew how to look into his black eyes, it was way more than this.

On the afternoon of this day, Michael started to show signs of anxiety. Laurie tried to comfort him, but nothing worked, and all she could do was sending him straight to bed after dinner.

Later that night, noises woke Jamie up. She sat up in her little bed, trying to find where the noises were from. What were those sounds ? It was as though someone was crying. She immediately got up and ran to Michael's room.

He was sat in the dark, his knees pulled to his chest. Jamie walked to him and lifted his chin gently. When she saw his face wet with tears, as he was clenching his teeth to prevent himself from sobbing soundly, she knelt in front of him and dried his cheeks.

"What's wrong uncle ?" She looked as confused as him. "Are you hurt ?

Do I need to call mommy ?" At the word "mommy" Michael's pain seemed to double. "I'll call her. Stay here !" Jamie ran out, and a few minutes later came back with Laurie.

"Michael... Brother... What's wrong ? What are you afraid of ?" Michael was shaking. His sister handed him his notebook and a pen. "Tell me what's troubling you". He looked hesitantly at what Laurie gave him.

"I want to go home" he wrote.

"Michael, we're home."

"Not my real home. Take me home."

Laurie was puzzled. They were home, weren't they ? Which home was he talking about ? He obviously didn't refer to the hospital as "home". The old Myers house had burned down and...

The Myers house. He was talking about this home.

"You can't go to this home anymore. Don't you remember why ?"

He frowned and looked resigned.

"It burned" he wrote.

"It did. You can't go there anymore. No one can. Don't you think it's better that all the bad things that happened there disappeared ?"

Michael looked up at his sister, making this "do you think I'm stupid" face, and took his pen again.

"Memories don't burn. Only the place they happened does. And it won't bring anyone back. Neither Judith or mommy."

Laurie's heart ached when she read those words.

"You can talk to them when you want to" she said, "I'll take you to the cemetery. I'll leave you alone if you wish."

Jamie whispered : "Could I come see grandma and aunt Judith too ?" Laurie smiled and stroked her daughter's dark hair. "Of course honey, you can see them, tomorrow. You should go to sleep now.
>- Is uncle going to sleep too ?
- Yes he is."

Jamie smiled and kissed Michael's cheek. "Good night uncle."

Michael remained silent for long minutes. "Aren't you going to sleep ?" He shook his head. "We can't go to the cemetery now, it's too late..." Michael looked at her with eyes full of questions, and Laurie could easily read "why ?". Her brother definitely knew how to ask things and get them.

"Alright, we'll go, but not for long."

Laurie made sure Jamie was asleep before leaving with Michael and quietly closing the door. They walked in silence to the cemetery. Michael was really scary in the dark. So different from the day. She

felt the need to hold his hand to feel his warmth and make sure he was still the sweet Michael she loved.

When he squeezed her hand, she sighed in relief and relaxed. He was still there.

"I went to talk to Judith this morning." Michael looked at his little sister, surprised.

"Did you ?" he would have probably said.

"I told her everything that happened and that I'd take you to see her."

"My sister is a sweetheart."

This thought came in Michael's head and comforted him. What people said was true. You only realize how much you love someone once they're gone. Judith wasn't the sweetest sister Michael could have had. She was a bitch most of the time. But she was still his sister, the only big sister he had, she was only 16, she would've grown up to be a mature and kind lady like their mother. He had the greatest mother of the world, he knew it. She deeply cared about him when no one else did. He never wanted to hurt her. Judith would have been like her. Deborah and Judith Myers. The most gorgeous women a man could dream of. He wished he could be like them, when he was young. But he was an ugly kid. He was useless. They would have been happier without him. He should have killed himself before he killed them. Look what he had done ! He ruined lives selfishly.

When he found himself in front of Judith's grave, next to his mother's, sounds came out of his mouth for the first time in years. "I'm sorry."

* * *

><p>Reviews are free but priceless to me.

6. What's left : Chapter 6

After a wait that has been way too long, here's finally chapter 6 ! I guess I could find apologies for the enormous delay but I don't really have any, but I'm just so so so sorry I've been lazy and such. I had kinda lost my muse on Halloween, but the last review I got on this story made me go for it again. Thank you so much for your support, I would have never expected so many reviews and people to actually enjoy this story. My role-model on Halloween fics is Little Red Riding Hood, so check out their stories, they're truly amazing ! Much much love to all of you, Michael loves you too, in his own way. :)

_Answer to anonymous reviews : _

Guest : Thank you thank you thank you ! I hope you'll still be here for this chapter and you'll enjoy it ! You're awesome !

_Michael Myers : Hello Michael ! Well, it's your review that got me going on again with this story, I guess I was about to let it rot in a corner... So thank you ! You'll see if you get your voice back, but

there are quite high chances. Just read the chapter ! Also, I think you had never really lost your humanity. Since the first chapter you still had morals and stuff like that. You're not a monster. I'm extremely pleased you wish to share my story, so please do, just credit me, there are absolutely not problems ! It's a pleasure. Best fanfiction ever ? Oh god. I feel so happy. Thank you Mikey. People like you who take the time to leave a little review to say things who are so kind are amazing and I love you so much for it ! Don't worry, I'm not letting this story down yet.

>

Thank you to everyone who made me continue this fic, I can't believe I actually wanted to end it after chapter... 4, if my memories are good ? I had even written the end, but it'll come later :) Thank you so much ! Hope you'll enjoy this chapter !

* * *

><p>The night was clear, the moon was full, there were no clouds, and Michael Myers had spoken.<p>

Laurie was surprised, of course, but she had no doubt something like this would have happened in the cemetery. He started writing a few lines that Laurie read aloud for the two graves.

"I didn't realize what I did would be forever. I didn't mean to hurt you. It's hard living without you. I'm happy not to be alone anymore, but I'd like you to be with me. I miss you. Please come back."

He then stayed still for long minutes, joining his hands for a silent prayer. When he saw that nothing happened, he looked sadly at his little sister.

"If you wish and believe," he wrote, "it works.

>- Only in fairytales, Michael. People don't come back to life. Even if you wish, pray, beg and love them enough. Maybe it was better this way."<p>

He looked deeply confused. "If they were alive, it would be better."

She gave up trying to explain him if he hadn't killed Judith, someone else would probably have done it. And if his mother committed suicide, she was probably happier where she was. But she remained quiet, as he would probably be upset and wouldn't like her opinion.

"If I hadn't been there everything would have been better."

Laurie held Michael's hands and whispered :

"If you hadn't been there, I would have lost a wonderful big brother.

>- I'm not wonderful, he seemed to say.
- Yes you are. I love you. Jamie loves you, I think Rachel is starting to love you too.

>- No she's not, his eyes said as he shook his head.
- There are more people who love you than you think."

He looked down, glancing at the graves. "I just want them to love me." he thought.

As if Laurie read his mind, she said : "They love you too."

He smiled softly and placed a kiss on his little sister's forehead and walked alone to face the graves.

"I'm sorry." he spoke aloud this time. "Mommy, Judith..."

He then gave his notebook to Laurie and waited for her to read aloud. She frowned and looked at Michael.

"Who's Ronnie ?"

He pointed to another grave. Ronnie White.

"Is he our father ?" Michael strongly shook his head.

"Stepfather, then ?"

He didn't move.

"That's him you didn't want to tell me about, right ? Do you want me to read to him ?"

Michael sighed and nodded. Laurie then turned to face the grave.

"I won't apologize to you, because I will never forgive what you did to me. I learned no one deserves to die. I still think you did. You should consider yourself lucky to be dead. If it wasn't by my hand, you would have died another stupid way, you know it. Your death is the only one I don't regret."

The harsh words talked for themselves, and Laurie didn't dare imagine how living with a man like this could have affected her big brother.

"Come on Michael. He doesn't deserve your time, nor your words."

His vision blurried as he scribbled : "I wanna go home." Laurie saw the tears in his eyes and took his hand.

"Let's go home. We need to sleep now. Good night mommy." She smiled at the graves. "Good night Judith."

Michael grabbed his sister's hand and whispered.

"B- Laurie...?" He almost called her Boo. Maybe he could try.

"Boo ?" Laurie turned her head toward him.

"Boo...?" Michael nodded.

"That's what you called me ?" He smiled. She remembered.

"Dr Loomis told me you refered to me as Boo, when you were little."

No, she didn't remember. He felt disappointed.

"You can call me Boo, if you wish. I don't mind." Michael held both

her hands and smiled warmly.

"Boo !" His Boo was here. Just like it used to be. He could hold her in his arms and call her his, she was his Boo. His little baby Boo. Then, Boo wrapped her arms around Michael's neck, standing on her toes to reach him.

"I love you so much, Michael. I can't imagine living without you."

He cupped her face and rested his head on her shoulder, closing his eyes, and ran his thumb on her jaw, comfortingly. He loved her too.

After a few minutes, she backed up and smiled.

"I like cuddling with you. I have a picture of you and I, when we were little. I think I remember being in your arms and loving it. That's all I can remember."

Michael nodded and wrote : "It's a very good thing to remember."

They made their way back home, holding hands again.

"Michael... I don't like seeing you scared. I feel like I can't help you or you're not happy with me."

He looked very upset. Why was she saying things like this ? He was very happy with Boo ! If he wasn't he would just leave. But where would he go ? No, he wouldn't find a better place than here with his baby sister.

"I'm happy with you" he wrote.

"You're sweet. But I wish I could be better for you."

It was almost three in the morning. Both were very tired. Laurie accompanied Michael to his room, making sure he was feeling better.

"You should sleep. Jamie's going to school tomorrow. Try not to wake her up again."

Michael was laying on his back, his hands on his chest.

"Good night, Mikey." She smiled, and he smiled back at her.

"I love you, she whispered.
>- Me too."

In the morning, Laurie called Sam Loomis.

"Michael woke up last night. He was scared. He said he wanted to go home."

Loomis didn't need to hear more to know exactly what happened. He knew his patient too well.

"Do you think he's not going to get used to living with you ?

>- No ! No, I'm sorry, I just really want it all to work. He's doing his very best, you know...
- Yes, I know...
- He didn't want to go back to sleep, so I took him to the cemetery. He asked it.
- You took him to the cemetery...? At night...?
- Yes, at night ! I knew he wouldn't run away ! He was holding my hand the whole time !
- I'm sorry my child. Please, continue.
- He spoke.
- He- What ?!
- He spoke. He talked to the graves. A little.
- What did he say...?
- "I'm sorry", "Mommy", "Judith", "Laurie", "Boo" and when I put him to sleep and told him I love him, he said "Me too."
- Did he...? Laurie, this is truly amazing. I leave him with you and he says more than he ever has in 20 years. I thought he would never speak again.
- He did.
- How did he sound ?
- He has a normal grown-up man's voice. But it's the way he speaks... He sounds like a child..."<p>

There were tears in her voice.

"My child, do not cry. We both know Michael may sound innocent and sweet, but it doesn't erase the things he did.
- I just wish I could make him happier... He sounded so sad... I'm sorry, I've heard this sad child voice too much before with Jamie.
- They're very similar. Very, very similar.
- What if Jamie becomes like him ? What if she starts to Kill...?
- She won't. She knows what her uncle did and won't want to be like him.
- When will I see you ?
- I'll try to come this afternoon. Call me if anything happens.
- I will. Bye."<p>

Laurie then decided to wake Michael and Jamie. She had to get Jamie to school, and maybe take Michael with her, if he wished. She woke up her daughter first.

"It's time to get up, sleepy head.
- But mommy I'm tired...
- I know you are, I'm tired too. But you have to go to school.
- Mommy...
- Hush now, get up or you're gonna be late.
- Is uncle coming with us ?
- I don't know honey, if he wants to.
- Tell him I want him to come !
- I will, now get up !"

Jamie laughed and finally got up, while Laurie went to Michael's room.

"Hey Michael..." She kneeled next to his bed and waited for him to wake up, not wanting to scare him. "Michael... Are you awake ?"

He nodded, rolling on his side to face his sister.

"Did you sleep at all ?"

He frowned and avoided Laurie's eyes.

"Oh Mikey... Are you too tired to come with me ? I have to take Jamie to school."

Michael smiled and sat up. "You wanna come with us, I guess." He

nodded several times, grinning. "Then get up and get dressed !"

Laurie then came back to Jamie's room.

"He's coming.

>- Is he ?
- Yes he is !

>- Yay ! Can I see him ?
- Not yet, he's getting dressed. Wait for him to go downstairs honey."

Jamie put her slippers on and ran downstairs to eat breakfast. "Is uncle feeling better ?

>- Yes honey. You were right to call me. He's fine now.
- Maybe he needed his mommy. Everyone needs their mommy. You will still be here when I'm older ? Because I think I will need you."

So, the little family left to take Jamie to school. They didn't need to take the car as it wasn't far away from the house. Jamie was trotting happily holding her uncle's hand.

Michael was soon surrounded by children as they walked toward the school's entrance. He didn't really enjoy this feeling, it reminded him of too many bad memories.

He used to be badly bullied as a kid, and he forgot he was a grown-up adult, rather tall too, and stayed behind his sister. Children were still looking at him. What did he do wrong ?

A girl asked Jamie who was the man behind her. The little kid quickly answered :

"Mommy's boyfriend."

If she told anyone he was her uncle, everyone would panick. They knew who Jamie's uncle was, what he had done, but not where he was. She couldn't let them know he was closer than they believed.

"He's handsome !" squealed a girl before hiding behind her friends and giggling. Michael stared at the kid, puzzled by the words.

Handsome, him ? But it was a ten years old girl speaking, she didn't know what she was saying. Kids often tell the truth adults are afraid to, but it couldn't be the truth. When he was the girl's age none of his schoolmates found him handsome. Why would they now ?

He decided to walk away and sat on a bench, still looking at the children.

That is when he spotted a little boy. Unlike the others, he was all alone and avoiding everyone. He had platinum blond hair and light blue eyes. The boy pretended to walk in the school, but in a blink he had disappeared.

Michael tilted his head. Kids don't usually disappear like this, do they ? It didn't matter much anyway. It was just a kid among the two hundreds or so there were in this school.

Then he heard a small boy's voice behind his back and turned around.

"Please sir."

The boy with girl-like features looked in his eyes. There was fear in those light blue orbs. But it was not fear at the sight of Michael. The older man closed his black eyes, but when he re-opened them, the angel boy was still staring at him.

"Please sir, don't tell them I'm not in class."

"Why wouldn't this boy want to go to school ?" Michael wondered. It seemed he had spoken out loud, because what seemed to be an angel cowered and avoided his eyes. He had just spoken in front of a complete stranger ? It was impossible, he couldn't...

"Please sir, I really don't wanna go to school. I don't like the kids in there. I wanna kill them.

- Is it why you are waiting here ?

- Yes sir. I have all my time. Where could I go ?

- Home, maybe ?

- There's my step-father at home. I can't just show up like that or he'll beat me up.

- It seems you really have nowhere to go...

- That's right. So don't tell anyone I'm here."

Michael kept watching and oddly enough, talking fluently to the boy.

"What's your name ?" Oh, the child flinched again and looked away. He had scared him.

"My name is Michael."

The older Michael froze in place, leaving the younger one puzzled.

"Is there something wrong with my name, sir ?

- N-No there isn't... What's your last name ?

- Myers."

That was it. The older Michael felt like his ribs cage was being crushed.

"You can't be..."

The blond-haired boy blinked and got up, trying to look menacing but the man in front of him made his legs shake like leaves.

"Why couldn't I be myself ?

- Because I am Michael Myers."

